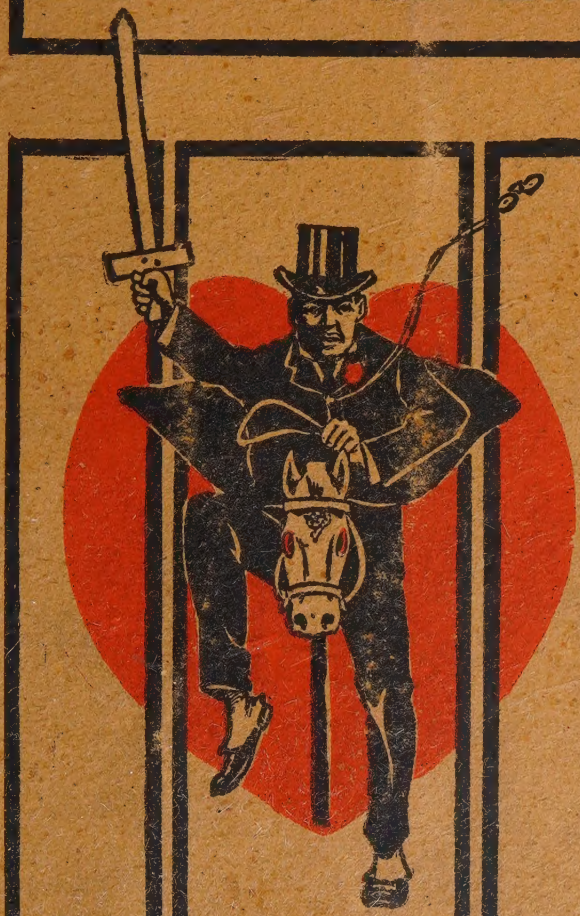
BACHELOR BIGOTRIES



This Book
has been presented by

Arthur L. Solomon, Jr.

December , 19 67

GEORGE WILLIAMS COLLEGE

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15

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And they both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

—John Hay.

BACHELOR BIGOTRIES

COMPILED BY AN OLD MAID AND APPROVED BY A YOUNG BACHELOR. ILLUSTRATED BY AN EX-BACHELOR

Man and the horse-radish are most biting when grated.
—Richter.

PUBLISHED BY A YOUNG MARRIED MAN

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BACHELOR BIGOTRIES

Illustrated by A. F. WILLMARTH

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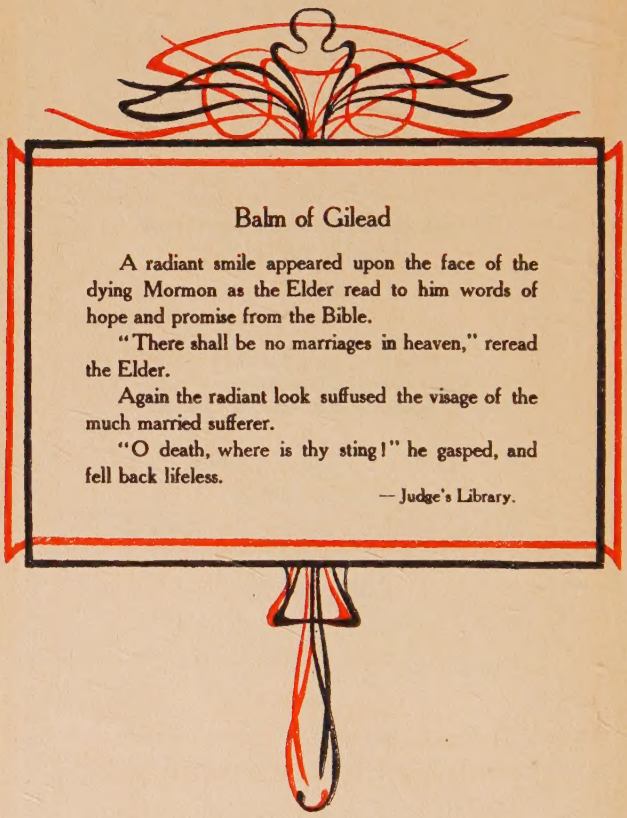
"'Tis pleasant business making books
When other people furnish brains."

PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS, SAN FRANCISCO

In spite of all that these pages may
contain to prove the
contrary

"I know the thing that's most uncommon
(Envy be silent and attend),
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend."

To her, my sister, and to my
bachelor brother
this little volume is affectionately dedicated
by the
OLD MAID



Balm of Gilead

A radiant smile appeared upon the face of the dying Mormon as the Elder read to him words of hope and promise from the Bible.

"There shall be no marriages in heaven," reread the Elder.

Again the radiant look suffused the visage of the much married sufferer.

"O death, where is thy sting!" he gasped, and fell back lifeless.

— Judge's Library.

January First

I'm thirty-one and a bachelor.

—Dickens.

January Second

Every family should have one old bachelor, at least.

—Robert Grant.

January Third

Love — sentimental measles.

—Charles Kingsley.

January Fourth

Marriage — monotony multiplied by two.

—After George Meredith.

January Fifth

If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool.

—Shakespeare.

January Sixth

If a fellow's bound to marry a fool, and a lot of men have to if they're going to hitch up into a well-matched team, there's nothing like picking a good-looking one.

—George Horace Lorimer.

January Seventh

Lager, der girls, und der dollars—dey makes or dey breaks a man. —Kipling.

January Eighth

All my friends who have embraced Popery have done better than those who have embraced wives. —Houghton.

January Ninth

Perhaps the Lord made bachelors for the consolation of wives. —Puck.

January Tenth

She met him in the darkened hall;
Said he, "I've brought some roses."
Her answer seemed irrelevant;
It was, "How cold your nose is!"

—Varsity Fortnightly.

January Eleventh

You spend a year worrying because you think Bill Jones is going to cut you out with your best girl, and then you spend ten worrying because he didn't.

—George Horace Lorimer.

January Twelfth

These poor, silly woman things — they've not the sense to know it's no use denying what's proved. —George Eliot.

January Thirteenth

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one and then that, by spells —
All is, he couldn't love 'em. —Lowell.

January Fourteenth

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e;
But without some better quality,
She's no a lass for me. —Burns.

January Fifteenth

* * * it is only in old bachelors' and old maids' dreams of wedded life that there are no family jars or scrapping matches.

—Dorothy Dix.

January Sixteenth

Love is not in our power,
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice.

—Froude.

January Seventeenth

—whether marriage bring joy or sorrow,
Make sure of this day, and hang tomorrow.

—Dryden.

January Eighteenth

A man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage. —Bacon.

January Nineteenth

—by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly. —Shakespeare.

January Twentieth

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage; half shut afterwards.

—Poor Richard.

January Twenty-first

All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers,
The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers,
Whose shrinkin' hearts the school gals love to try
With pins,—they'll worry your'n so, boys, bimeby.

—Lowell.

January Twenty-second

Woman is a bundle of pins;
Man is her pincushion.

—Henry Harland.

January Twenty-third

What a strange thing is man! And what a stranger is woman!

—Byron

January Twenty-fourth

A story without a hero—"Recollections of a married man."

—Puck.

January Twenty-fifth

"What, are you afraid of marriage?" asks Cécile in Maitre Guerin.

"Oh, mon Dieu, non!" replies Arthur. "I should take chloroform."

—R. L. Stevenson.

January Twenty-sixth

Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there anything we feared? —Kipling.

January Twenty-seventh

The man who shrinks from attracting attention should marry. —Life.

January Twenty-eighth

Woman's faith and woman's trust
Write the characters in dust.

—Sir Walter Scott.

January Twenty-ninth

Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.

—Poor Richard.

January Thirtieth

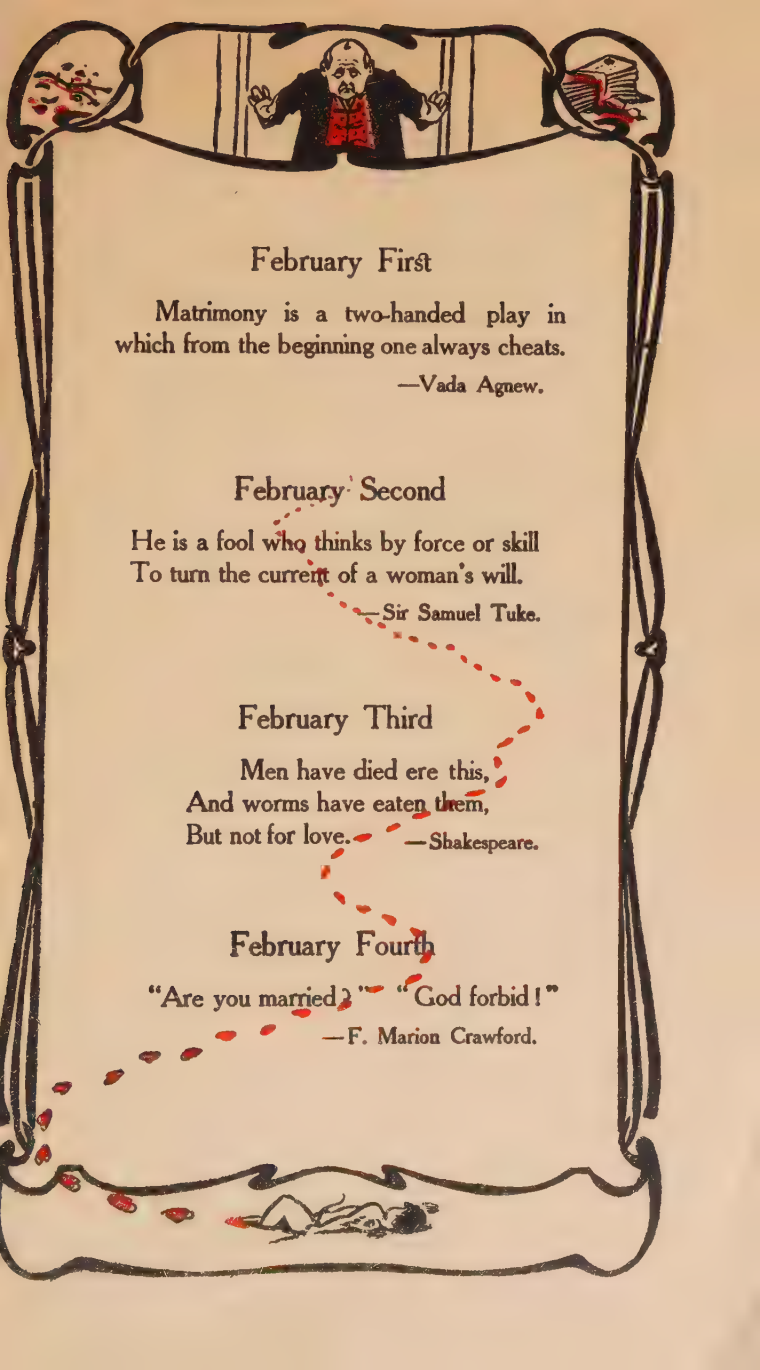
"They are fools who kiss and tell," wisely hath the poet sung;
Man may hold all sorts of posts, if he'll only hold his tongue.

—Kipling.

January Thirty-first

Time is ungallant, it tells on a woman.

—Life.



February First

Matrimony is a two-handed play in which from the beginning one always cheats.

—Vada Agnew.

February Second

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

—Sir Samuel Tuke.

February Third

Men have died ere this,
And worms have eaten them,
But not for love.

—Shakespeare.

February Fourth

"Are you married?" "God forbid!"

—F. Marion Crawford.

February Fifth

He was a bachelor then, and so is now, or was so very late. —Shakespeare.

February Sixth

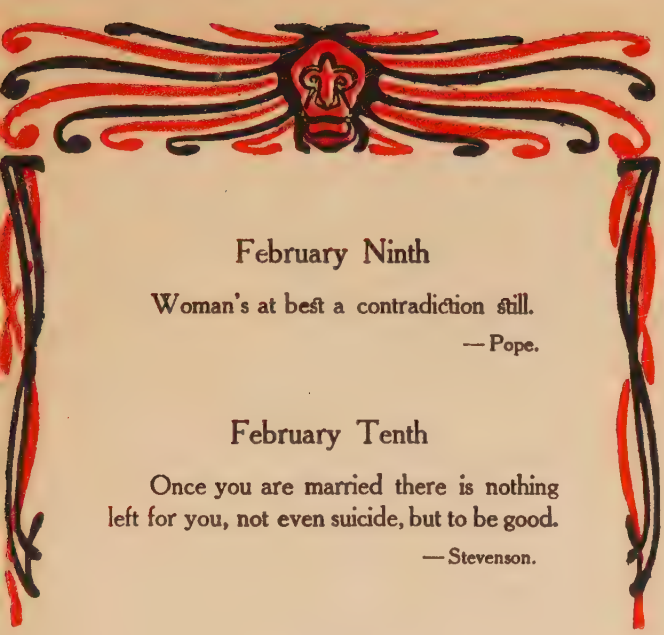
Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate.
—Pindar.

February Seventh

Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
—Shakespeare.

February Eighth

What courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? —Irving.



February Ninth

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

— Pope.

February Tenth

Once you are married there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good.

— Stevenson.

February Eleventh

Single blessedness and married cussedness.

— Ethel Watts Mumford.

February Twelfth

A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

— Burns.

February Thirteenth

Marriage is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses. —Stevenson.

February Fourteenth

Love is master of all arts,
And puts it into human hearts,
The strangest things to say and do.

—Longfellow.

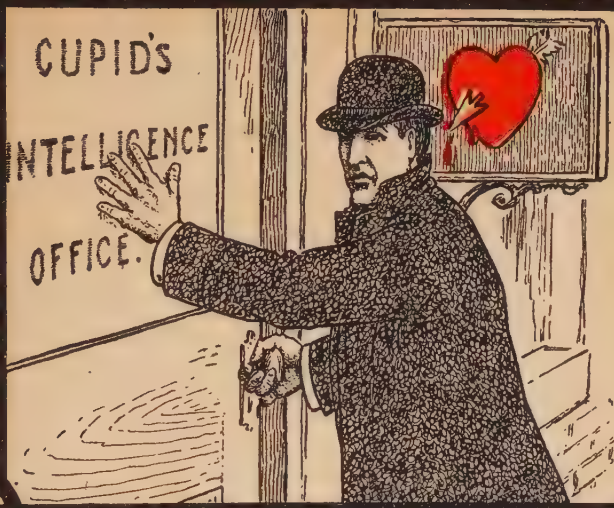
February Fifteenth

The life of an intelligent bachelor is very well worth living. —Max O'Rell.

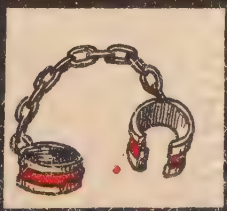
February Sixteenth

Ay; marriage is the life-long miracle!

—Charles Kingsley.



"As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with but cannot live without 'em."



Heaven grant us patience with a man in love!

— Kipling.

February Seventeenth

I takes my pipe, I takes my pot;
And drunk I'm never seen to be;
I'm no teetotaler, or sot,
And as I am I mean to be.

—Gilbert.

February Eighteenth

Women are made for our comfort and delectation, gentlemen, with all the rest of the minor animals. —Thackeray.

February Nineteenth

It's the silliest lie a sensible man like you ever believed, to say a woman makes a house comfortable. —George Eliot.

February Twentieth

The tongue is woman's weapon, even as the fist is man's, and it is a deadlier weapon.

—Henry Harland.

February Twenty-first

"You're all'as a layin' everything to women or religion, Captain Pharo Kobbe!"

"Don't mention on 'em in the same breath," said the Captain, "don't. They hadn't never orter be classed together."

–Sarah P. McLean Greene.

February Twenty-second

First among the women, an' amazin' first in war.

--Kipling.

February Twenty-third

You shall see that wealth and women are deceitful just the same. —Bret Harte.

February Twenty-fourth

Gladys—Auntie, when does a woman commence to grow old?

Aunt Broadhead—Just as soon as she begins to understand why it is her husband does not seem to pity his old bachelor friends.

—Puck.

February Twenty-fifth

If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith! she'll soon o'er gang ye.

—Burns.

February Twenty-sixth

I know the ways of women; when you will they won't, and when you won't they're dying for you. —Dr. Ramage.

February Twenty-seventh

It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house. —Proverbs xxi: 9.

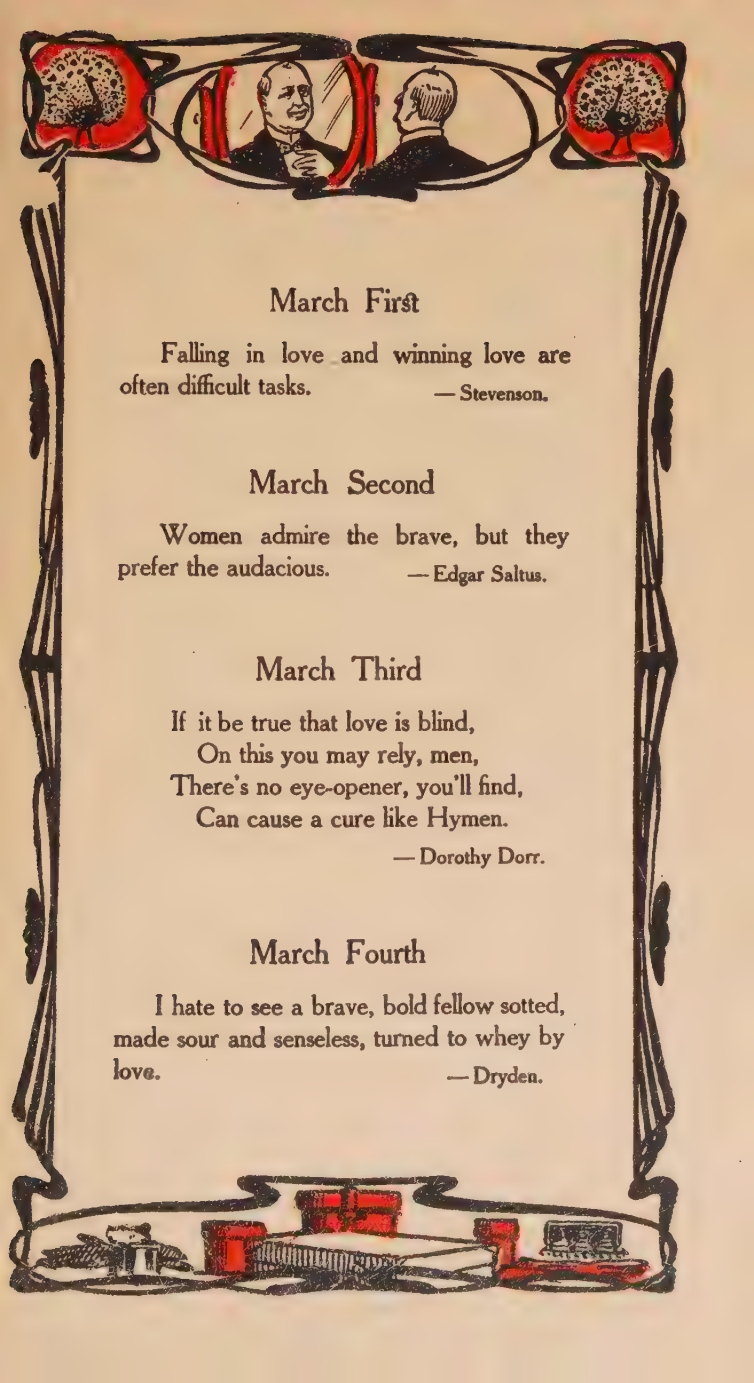
February Twenty-eighth

"O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!"

Leap Year
February Twenty-ninth

Lasses gae to him
And kiss him, and woo him.

—Burns.



March First

Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks. — Stevenson.

March Second

Women admire the brave, but they prefer the audacious. — Edgar Saltus.

March Third

If it be true that love is blind,
On this you may rely, men,
There's no eye-opener, you'll find,
Can cause a cure like Hymen.

— Dorothy Dorr.

March Fourth

I hate to see a brave, bold fellow sotted, made sour and senseless, turned to whey by love. — Dryden.

March Fifth

"Well, Madeline, so I'm going to be married," Bertie began.

"There's no other foolish thing left that you haven't done," said Madeline, "and therefore you are quite right to try that."

—Trollope.

March Sixth

Three things a wise man will not trust—
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith. —Southey.

March Seventh

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart which others bleed for, bleed
for me. —Congreve.

March Eighth

All women are treasures, so much beyond price, that there's no getting rid of them. —Harrison Ainsworth.

March Ninth

Family man yourself, sir? Well you know what women be's. —Bret Harte.

March Tenth

Matrimony—the high sea for which no compass has yet been invented. —Heine.

March Eleventh

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned.

—Congreve.

March Twelfth

A violent woman drives a man to drink, but a nagging one drives him crazy.

—G. H. Lorimer.

March Thirteenth

I tell you there isn't a thing under the sun that needs to be done at all but what a man can do better than a woman.

—George Eliot.

March Fourteenth

If ever you feel disposed, Samivel, to go a' marryin' anybody—no matter who—just you shut yourself up in your own room, if you've got one, and poison yourself off-hand.

—Dickens.

March Fifteenth

When man and woman die, as poets sung,
His heart's the last part moves; her last, the tongue.

—Poor Richard.

March Sixteenth

"You can't buy happiness," remarked the bachelor.

"Tut, tut!" said the married man. "What's the matter with spring bonnets?"

—Philadelphia Record.

March Seventeenth

Words are women, deeds are men.

—Bodley.

March Eighteenth

As in friendship, so in love, we are often happier from ignorance than from knowledge.

—La Rochefoucauld.

March Nineteenth

I'll never love if I can help it, and if I love I'll bear it and never marry.

—George Eliot.

March Twentieth

It's love that makes the world go round, but it's marriage keeps most of the inhabitants hustling.

—Puck.

March Twenty-first

More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true manly lover blest.

— Moore.

March Twenty-second

Oh, I know the way o' wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then turn round and praise 'em, as if they wanted to sell 'em.

— George Eliot.

March Twenty-third

The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift and not of love.

— Shakespeare.

March Twenty-fourth

"Philosophers like yourself are either too sane or too insane to marry. I cannot make out just which is the wise one, he that does or he that doesn't, and I don't know that it makes much difference whether I can or not."

March Twenty-fifth

He was married himself, and knew the dangers and difficulties of the case.

— Harrison Ainsworth.

March Twenty-sixth

Oh, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!

— Shakespeare.

March Twenty-seventh

Death itself, to the reflecting mind, is less serious than marriage. — Landor.

March Twenty-eighth

Women mean trouble, and dress-clothes.

— Josephine Dodge Daskam.

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March Twenty-ninth

No more want of marriage bell,
No more need of bridal favor.

—B. W. Proctor.

March Thirtieth

"It is very curious about women," he broke forth after a long meditative pause. "In spite of all my pondering on the subject, I never could quite understand the secret of their fascination. Their goodness—if they are good—is usually of the quality of oatmeal—and when they are bad''——"They are horrid," I quoted promptly. "Amen," he added, with a contented chuckle.

—Boyeson.

March Thirty-first

"Most of man's troubles are caused by woman."

April First

Thou art a woman, and therefore a fool.

— Ouida.

April Second

No wise man ever married, but for a fool it is the most ambrosial of all possible future states.

— Byron.

April Third

So true a fool is love, that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

— Shakespeare.

April Fourth

Soft music is beguiling,
But so are girls when smiling.
A smile, a muslin gown, a curl—
Take care! a snare—the Summer Girl.

— Life.

April Fifth

Matrimony is like an overwhelming dose of brandy and water; it is a misfortune into which a man easily falls, and from which he finds it remarkably difficult to extricate himself.

—Dickens.

April Sixth

Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

—Sheridan.

April Seventh

To say why gals act so, or so,
Or don't 'ould be presumin'.
Mebby to mean *yes*, an' say *no*,
Comes nateral to women.

—Lowell.

April Eighth

Many a woman has cut her own throat with her tongue.

—Dorothy Dix.

April Ninth

"Confound them tjimaras, sir." * * * "They're every bit as bad, sir, as women's tongues."

—Maarten Maartens.

April Tenth

I wish some girls that I could name
Were half as silent as their pictures.

—Praed.

April Eleventh

Before going to war say a prayer; before going to sea say two prayers; before marrying say three prayers.

—Proverb.

April Twelfth

Love burns as long as a lucifer match. Wedlock's the candle.

—George Meredith.

April Thirteenth

When I marry a flirt I will buy second-hand clothing of the Jews. — Ike Marvel.

April Fourteenth

Ah, boys, be careful how you act;
Think well what marriage brings;
She's fancy now, then she'll be fact—
And facts are stubborn things.

— G. B.

April Fifteenth

It is good for a man to be brought once, at least, in his life, face to face with *fact*, ultimate fact, however horrible it may be.

— Charles Kingsley.

April Sixteenth

Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind.

— Young.

April Seventeenth

Honest men marry young; wise men never. —Old Proverb.

April Eighteenth

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that doth abate it.

—Shakespeare.

April Nineteenth

There is probably no other act of a man's life so hot-headed and fool-hardy as this one of marriage. —Stevenson.

April Twentieth

For Man is fire and Woman is tow,
And the Somebody comes and begins to blow. —Longfellow.

April Twenty-first

After forty, men have married their habits, and wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important.

—George Meredith.

April Twenty-second

I dare say she is like the rest of the women—thinks two and two'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it.

—George Eliot.

April Twenty-third

A second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience.

—Dr. Johnson.

April Twenty-fourth

Love cools, friendship falls off,
Brothers divide.

—Shakespeare.

April Twenty-fifth

Love not; the thing you love may change;
LOVE NOT. —Caroline Norton.

April Twenty-sixth

Keep thy heart with all diligence.

—Proverbs iv: 23.

April Twenty-seventh

A fool and his honey are soon mated.

—The Cynic's Calendar.

April Twenty-eighth

It is very beautiful to be in love, but it is a great relief to be out of it.

—R. W. St. Hill.

April Twenty-ninth

Might I have had my own will I would not have married Wisdom herself.

— Montaigne.

April Thirtieth

Men are April when they woo,
December when they wed.

— Shakespeare.

May First

Maids are May when they are maids;
But the sky changes when they are wives.

— Shakespeare.

May Second

If you would make a good pair of shoes, take for the sole the tongue of a woman; it never wears out. — Alsatian Proverb.

May Third

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

— Pope.

May Fourth

Why should women have a tongue,
Or why should it be cursed! — Praed.

May Fifth

Oh! how many torments lie
In the small circle of a wedding ring.

—Colley Cibber.

May Sixth

Poor Mountford Wilts boasted of knowing women, and he married. To jump into the mouth of an enigma is not to read it.

—George Meredith.

May Seventh

Wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch jig. —Shakespeare.

May Eighth

Old King Cole
Was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
And why was he merry?
'Tis evident, very,
Because there was no Mrs. C.

—Puck.

May Ninth

A young man married is a man that's marred.

—Shakespeare.

May Tenth

A wife he hadn't got at all,
A decent, steady, sober man—
No saint, however—not at all.

—Gilbert.

May Eleventh

Seek not for favour of women. So shall you
find it indeed;
Does not the boar break cover just when
you're lighting a weed?

—Kipling.

May Twelfth

A mighty pain to love it is.

—Cowley.

May Thirteenth

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs.

— Shakespeare.

May Fourteenth

Women, plain or fair, do not readily forgive.

— William Sharp.

May Fifteenth

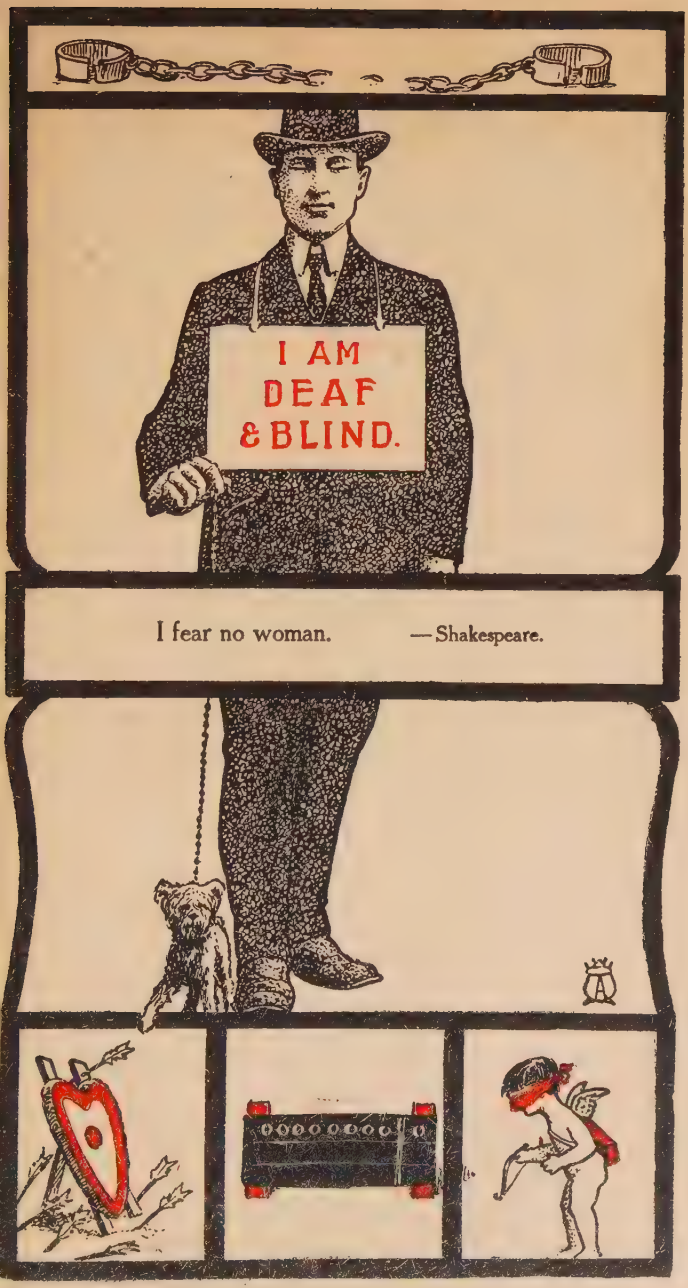
Can I again that look recall
That once could make me die
for thee?
No, no! the eye that beams on all
Shall never more be prized by me.

— Moore.

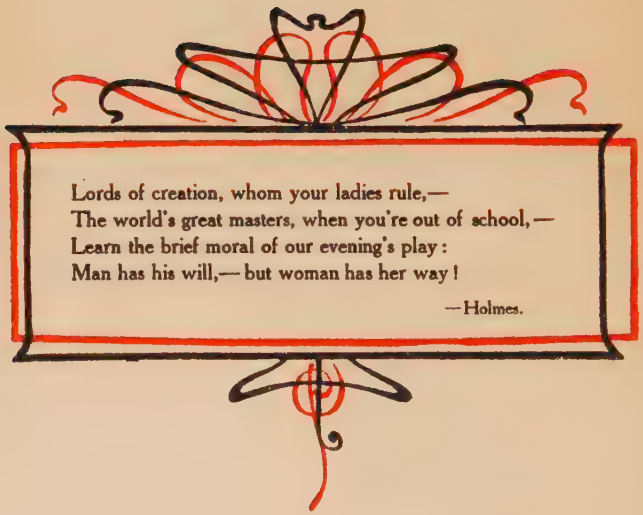
May Sixteenth

Well, dere ain't no tellin' 'bout womin; de mug wot tinks 'e's er safe winner wen womin is de stake, dat mug is a farmer, sure!

— Townsend.



I fear no woman. —Shakespeare.



Lords of creation, whom your ladies rule,—
The world's great masters, when you're out of school,—
Learn the brief moral of our evening's play:
Man has his will,—but woman has her way!

—Holmes.

May Seventeenth

I could not love, I'm sure. —Cowley.

May Eighteenth

He is a priest;
He cannot marry, therefore, which is right;
I think he would not marry if he could.

—Browning.

May Nineteenth

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not, we are told expressly: they neither marry nor are given in marriage. —Swift.

May Twentieth

For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven.

—St. Matt. xxii: 30; St. Mark xii: 25;
St. Luke xx: 34-36.

May Twenty-first

The fact that there is no marrying in heaven goes still further to prove, perhaps, that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

—Puck.

May Twenty-second

But the marriage which is not made in heaven, where is it made?

I don't know, except when such a marriage is contracted there's the devil to pay.

—Puck.

May Twenty-third

Make 'im take 'er, an' keep 'er; that's hell for 'em both.

—Kipling.

May Twenty-fourth

Old maids lead apes there* where the old bachelors are turned to apes.

—Poor Richard.

* In hell.

May Twenty-fifth

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe th'ave none at all.

—Samuel Butler.

May Twenty-sixth

I consulted him of marriage; he tells me of hanging as if they went by one and the same destiny.

—Ben Jonson.

May Twenty-seventh

Ho! pretty page, of the dimpled chin,
All your wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin.
Wait till you come to forty year.

—Thackeray.

May Twenty-eighth

Most men know what they hate, few what they love.

—Colton.

May Twenty-ninth

Though I own that my heart has been
ranging,
Of nature the laws I obey,
For nature is constantly changing.

—Gilbert.

May Thirtieth

Can we forget so easily, my Lord? A woman can.

—Lew Wallace.

May Thirty-first

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't
no blackguards, too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable,
like you;
An' if some times our conduck isn't all your
fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into
plaster saints.

—Kipling.

June First

Confound that girl! all my cigars
She's spilled upon the shelf,
And mixed up those I give my friends
With those I smoke myself.

— James G. Burnett.

June Second

There's nothing you can't believe o' them wenches! They'll set the empty kettle on the fire, and then come an hour after to see if the water boils. — George Eliot.

June Third

He who trusts a woman and leads an ass will never be free from plague.

— Tamil.

June Fourth

Man delights not me,— no, nor woman either. — Shakespeare.

June Fifth

Three Good Reasons

A Scottish minister who was indefatigable in looking up his folk one day called upon a parishioner. "Richard," he said, "I hae na seen ye at the kirk for some time, and wad like to know the reason." "Weel, sir," answered Richard. "I hae three decided objections to goin'. Firstly, I dinna believe in being whaur ye does a' the talkin'; secondly, I dinna believe in si' muckle singin', an', thirdly, an' in conclusion, 'twas there I got my wife."

—Albany Argus.

June Sixth

A woman's double. —Hood.

June Seventh

A man must be tolerably weak who submits to petticoat government and allows himself to be henpecked. —Ednah Robinson.

June Eighth

Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays. —Gay.

June Ninth

"Rum creeturs are women," said the dirty-faced man, after a pause.

"Ah! no mistake about that," said a very red-faced man behind a cigar.

—Dickens.

June Tenth

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
But clear your decks, an' here's "The Sex,"
I like the jades for a' that. —Burns.

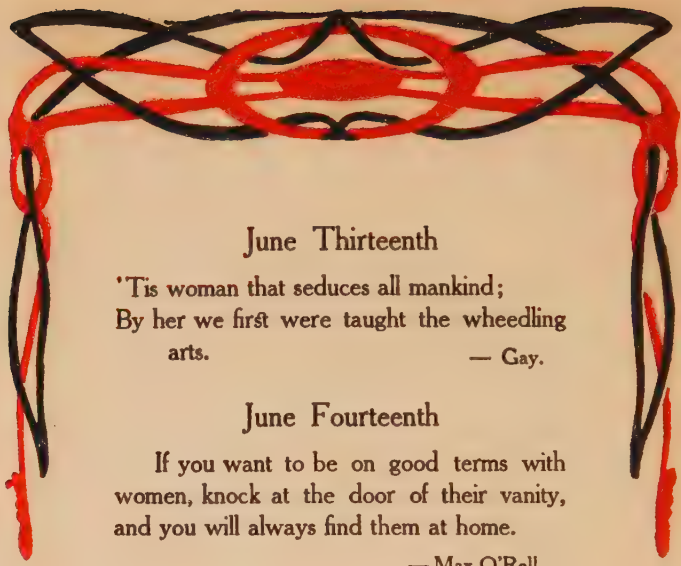
June Eleventh

We've got to take the bitters with the sweets; but unless they are very carefully compounded with other choice ingredients, they make a mighty poor cocktail. —Puck.

June Twelfth

Marriage is a desperate thing.

—John Selden.



June Thirteenth

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.

— Gay.

June Fourteenth

If you want to be on good terms with women, knock at the door of their vanity, and you will always find them at home.

— Max O'Rell.

June Fifteenth

"Do you think bachelors ought to be taxed?" asked Willie Washington.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "I think the girls ought to make up purses and pay them bounties for not making homes unhappy."

— Washington Star.

June Sixteenth

—it's an impious, unscriptural opinion to say a woman's a blessing to a man now.

— George Eliot.

June Seventeenth

Jack Barrett went to Quetta,
And there gave up the ghost,
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him
Five lively months at most.

—Kipling.

June Eighteenth

"There is only one thing that irritateth a Woman more than a Man who doth not understand her, and that is the Man who doth."

June Nineteenth

"Drink to fair woman, who, I think,
Is most entitled to it;
For if anything drives men to drink
She certainly can do it."

June Twentieth

Men talk of the influence of women, but do women really influence us at all?

—Richard le Gallienne.

June Twenty-first

"Men think women to be angels. It is not so. Woman dwells in the cask of her own opinion, and looks out through the bunghole of one idea."

June Twenty-second

"In all this foolish world, no creature is so unmitigated a fool as man — excepting always woman."

June Twenty-third

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
Wi' Nick there's little danger:
You'll easy draw a lang-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger. — Burns.

June Twenty-fourth

"Commend a wedded life, but keep thyself a bachelor."

June Twenty-fifth

"Here's to Woman, the source of all our bliss;
There's a foretaste of heaven in her kiss;
But from the Queen upon her throne, to the maiden in the dairy,
They are all alike, in one respect — 'contrary.'"

June Twenty-sixth

Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine —
A sad, sour, sober beverage. — Byron.

June Twenty-seventh

Women are books, and men the readers be,
Who sometimes in those books errata see.

— Poor Richard.

June Twenty-eighth

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

— Moore.

June Twenty-ninth

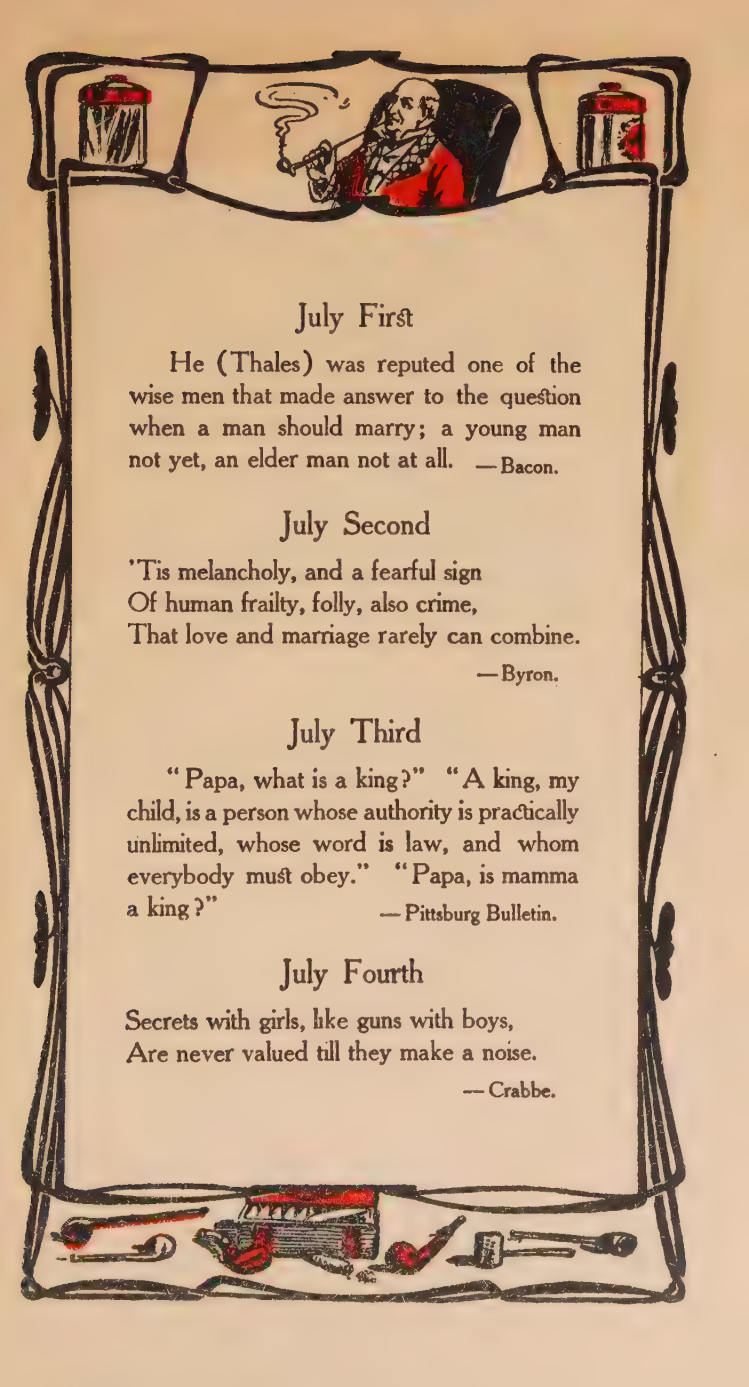
"Are women books?" says Hodges;
"then would mine were
An almanac to change her every year."

—Poor Richard.

June Thirtieth

The temper of chums, the love of your wife,
and a new piano's tune—
Which of the three will you trust at the end
of an Indian June?

—Kipling.



July First

He (Thales) was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry; a young man not yet, an elder man not at all. —Bacon.

July Second

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine.

—Byron.

July Third

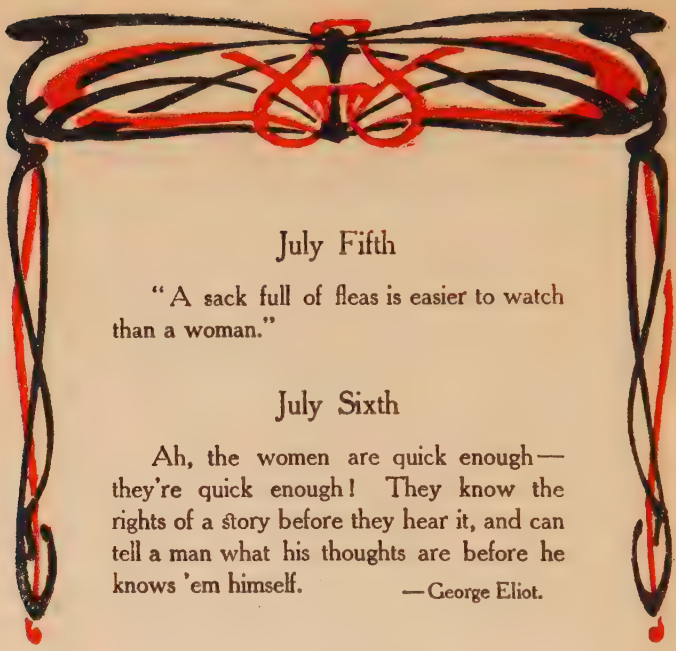
"Papa, what is a king?" "A king, my child, is a person whose authority is practically unlimited, whose word is law, and whom everybody must obey." "Papa, is mamma a king?"

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

July Fourth

Secrets with girls, like guns with boys,
Are never valued till they make a noise.

—Crabbe.



July Fifth

"A sack full of fleas is easier to watch than a woman."

July Sixth

Ah, the women are quick enough—they're quick enough! They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself.

—George Eliot.

July Seventh

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with that tongue he cannot win a woman.

—Shakespeare.

July Eighth

Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life.

—Poor Richard.

July Ninth

Go to, you are a woman, go.

— Shakespeare.

July Tenth

Here's a bottle and an honest friend,
What ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man?

— Burns.

July Eleventh

I commended mirth because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry.

— Ecclesiastics viii: 15.

July Twelfth

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith.

— Colton.

July Thirteenth

I have beheld
The weathercock upon the steeple point,
Steady from morn till eve, and I have seen
The bees go forth upon an April morn,
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers:
But when was woman true? —Southey.

July Fourteenth

Since the days of Troy, or of Lilith, men have delighted in calling women weathercocks. —William Sharp.

July Fifteenth

Thou art wedded to calamity.

—Shakespeare.

July Sixteenth

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think, that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

—Bishop Still (John).

July Seventeenth

The gloom of my bachelor days is flecked
with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to friendship, and
pleasure, and work, and fight.

—Kipling.

July Eighteenth

Lady (to departing servant)—"What shall I say in your reference?"

Servant—"Just that I stood it for six months with you, mum—that'll do for me."

—Tid-Bits.

July Nineteenth

Most women have no characters at all.

—Pope.

July Twentieth

—if dere's a woman in de game, youse wanter keep yer eye peeled all de time, fer if yer snooze—wy wen yer wakes up, yer ain't in it. Dat's right. —Townsend.

July Twenty-first

When a man has seen the woman whom he would have chosen if he intended to marry speedily, his remaining a bachelor will usually depend on her resolution rather than his. — George Eliot.

July Twenty-second

"But how to know beauty in woman, when one sees it, that is the question," said a disappointed bachelor friend the other day.

— William Sharp.

July Twenty-third

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common,
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman. — Whitehead.

July Twenty-fourth

Get you home and do not stand disputing with me, for you know I am a Salamancan Bachelor of Arts, and there is no bachelorizing beyond that. — Cervantes.

July Twenty-fifth

Love grows irksome and wine grows bitter.

—John Payne.

July Twenty-sixth

How seedy and run-down Smith looks!
Has he lost his money?
He must have lost his money!
I haven't heard of his getting married.

—Judge.

July Twenty-seventh

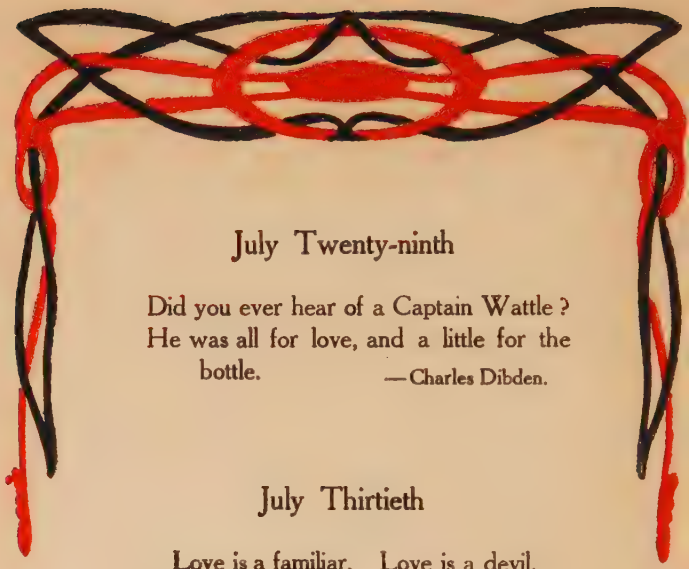
Plain women he regarded as he did the other severe facts of life, to be faced with philosophy and investigated by science.

—George Eliot.

July Twenty-eighth

The handsomest woman looks homely sometimes, and so you get a little variety; but a homely one can only look worse than usual.

—G. H. Lorimer.



July Twenty-ninth

Did you ever hear of a Captain Wattle ?
He was all for love, and a little for the
bottle.

—Charles Dibden.

July Thirtieth

Love is a familiar. Love is a devil.

— Shakespeare.

July Thirty-first

In matrimony, love is only *hors d'œuvre;*
friendship is the *piece de résistance.*

—Max O'Rell.

August First

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true,
To make one maid sincere and fair;
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do.

— Moore.

August Second

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence. — Byron.

August Third

Alas! for love, if thou art all.

— Felicia Hemans.

August Fourth

Woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang. — Burns.

August Fifth

Marriage, which is the bourne of so many narratives, is still a great beginning.

—George Eliot.

August Sixth

Wedding is destiny and hanging likewise.

—Shakespeare.

August Seventh

Madam, we have no Animosity—
We hit off a little now and then, but no Animosity.

—Shakespeare.

August Eighth

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?

—Shakespeare.

August Ninth

"You disobeyed me, Tommy. Didn't I say 'no' when you asked for another piece of cake?"

"Well, maybe you think I don't know what a woman's 'no' means."

— Town and Country.

August Tenth

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes they deal.

— Moore.

August Eleventh

Marriage is a raffle, not a lottery. One man gets the prize, while the other gets the shake.

— Chicago Daily News.

August Twelfth

True love is but a woman's toy,
They never know the lover's pain.

— Oscar Wilde.

August Thirteenth

The sex had ceased to surprise him.

—Barrie.

August Fourteenth

Amour, tu perdis Troie! —La Fontaigne.

August Fifteenth

O marriage! Marriage, what a curse is thine!

—Aaron Hill.

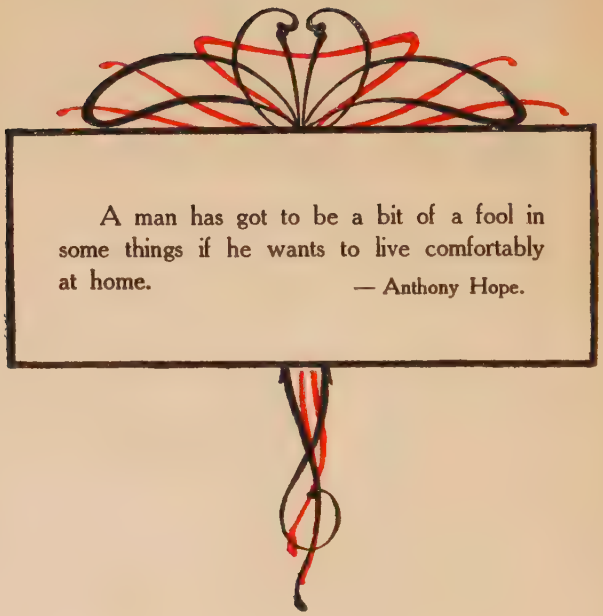
August Sixteenth

Pleasant the snaffle of courtship; improving
the manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from
the terrible thorn-bit of marriage.

—Kipling.

Is not marriage an open question when it is alleged from the beginning of the world that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?

—Emerson.



A man has got to be a bit of a fool in some things if he wants to live comfortably at home.

— Anthony Hope.

August Seventeenth

Wedding rings worse are than manacled
wrists,
Such is the creed of the Positivists.

—Gilbert.

August Eighteenth

Every woman is the same. —Congreve.

August Nineteenth

Sweet is revenge—especially to women.

—Byron.

August Twentieth

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter. —George Eliot.

August Twenty-first

With some women conversation is just contradiction. —Maarten Maartens.

August Twenty-second

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

—Swift.

August Twenty-third

An angry woman never won a man.

—Lew Wallace.

August Twenty-fourth

Tongue; well, that's a werry good thing when it ain't a woman's. —Dickens.

August Twenty-fifth

Don't marry at all,—you may take it as true,
If ever you do,
The step you will rue. —Gilbert.

August Twenty-sixth

Marriage, indeed, may qualify the fury of his passions, but it very rarely mends his manners. —Congreve.

August Twenty-seventh

One bad woman can ruin more men than twenty good women can redeem.

—Lavinia Hart.

August Twenty-eighth

The sex, the fair sex, the unfair sex, the gentle sex, the barbaric sex.

—Henry Harland.

August Twenty-ninth

I believe women weren't cut out for business.

—G. H. Lorimer.

August Thirtieth

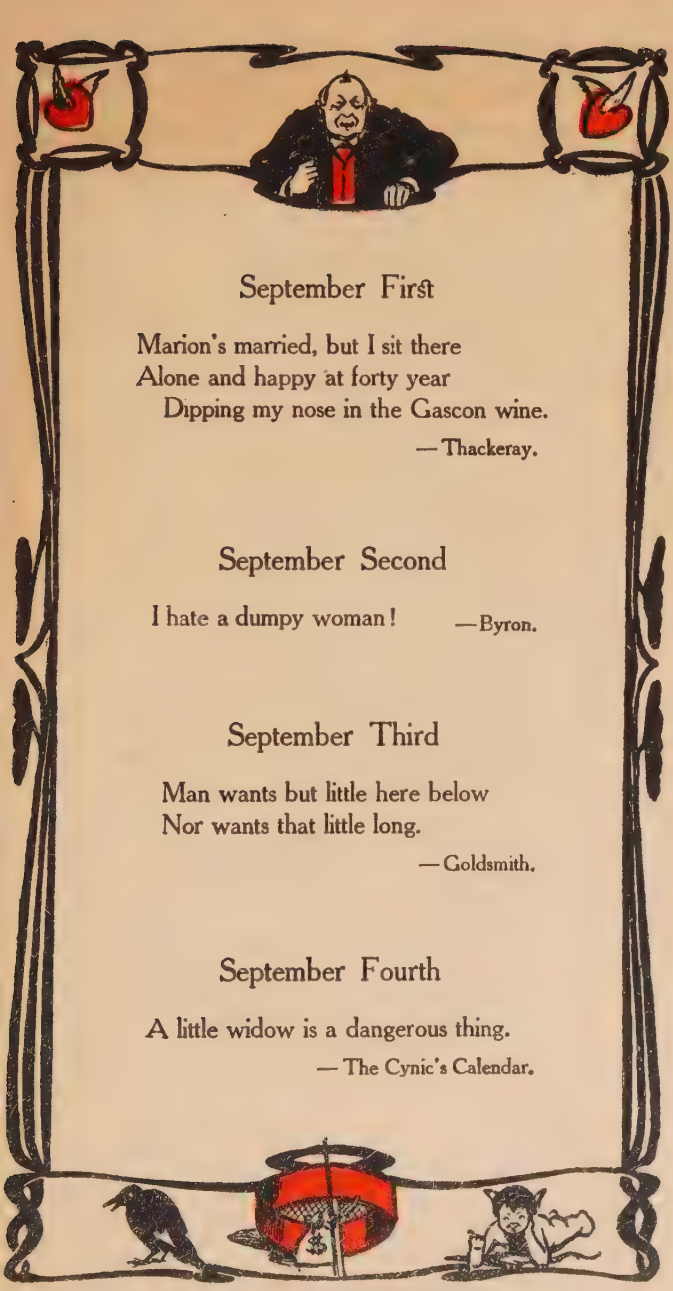
Matrimony is the root of all evil.

—The Cynic's Calendar.

August Thirty-first

The love of books, the love of books,
It passeth love of maids;
It doth not fade with fading looks,
Like love of them—the jades!

—W. D. Elwanger.



September First

Marion's married, but I sit there
Alone and happy at forty year
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

—Thackeray.

September Second

I hate a dumpy woman! —Byron.

September Third

Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long.

—Goldsmith.

September Fourth

A little widow is a dangerous thing.

— The Cynic's Calendar.

September Fifth

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?

September Sixth

Who was't betrayed the Capitol?
A woman.

September Seventh

Who lost Mark Anthony the world?
A woman.

September Eighth

Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes?
Woman.

September Ninth

Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman.

—Thomas Otway.

September Tenth

— no woman shall come within a mile of my court!

—Shakespeare.

September Eleventh

A silly, big-eyed, clinging little woman who doesn't weigh a hundred pounds, can drag down the strongest man like a millstone around his neck.

—Nancy Huston Banks.

September Twelfth

Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Razing the characters of your renown.

—Shakespeare

September Thirteenth

If ever you're attacked with the gout, sir, just you marry a widow as has got a good, loud voice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout again.

—Dickens.

September Fourteenth

Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?

—Shakespeare.

September Fifteenth

I hate a match. I feel sure that brimstone matches were never made in heaven; and it is sad to think that with few exceptions matches are all of them tipped with brimstone.

—Ike Marvel.

September Sixteenth

A wit should be no more sincere than a Woman constant.

—Congreve.

September Seventeenth

There are some women who will be perfectly wretched in heaven if they are not permitted to make fools of the angels.

—R. W. St. Hill.

September Eighteenth

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed!

—Shakespeare.

September Nineteenth

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies.

—Pope.

September Twentieth

"An honest man may like a lass,"
Most honest men prefer a glass.

September Twenty-first

What story is not told of woman's falsehood?
The sex is all a sea of wide destruction.

—Lee.

September Twenty-second

Be werry careful o' widders all your life, Sammy.

—Dickens.

September Twenty-third

The faithless winds, blind rocks, and sinking sands,
Are women all—the wreck of wretched men!

—Lee.

September Twenty-fourth

Fortune is capricious because she is feminine; for the same reason she is easily bluffed.

—Life.

September Twenty-fifth

"Woman is changeable,
Light as a feather,
False as fair weather,
Who can believe her!"

September Twenty-sixth

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love. —Burns.

September Twenty-seventh

Marriage is the hitching-post on the road of life. —Exchange.

September Twenty-eighth

Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft,
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

—Shakespeare.

September Twenty-ninth

As merry and mellow an old bachelor as ever followed a hound.

—Washington Irving.

September Thirtieth

If the Lord should appear on earth all the women would feel that they must introduce their husbands to Him.

—Atchison Globe.

October First

I'd rather be married in October than any other time of the year, if I've got to be. It's kind of melancholy then, and one sees everything goin' to pieces, and don't mind what one does. —Hezekiah Butterworth.

October Second

A man is woman and a man besides,
A woman only a woman.

—Richard le Gallienne.

October Third

But what is woman? Only one of Nature's agreeable blunders.

—Mrs. Cowley.

October Fourth

A woman is like to—but stay,
What a woman is like who can say;
There's no living with or without one;
She's like nothing on earth but a woman.

—Hoare.

October Fifth

One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come into my grace. — Shakespeare.

October Sixth

Marriage is so unlike everything else. There is something even awful in the nearness it brings. — George Eliot.

October Seventh

There is scarcely a lawsuit unless a woman is the cause of it. — Juvenal.

October Eighth

Twentieth century progress — a marriage certificate with a divorce coupon attached.

October Ninth

This day, two years, I was married;
"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

—Byron.

October Tenth

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where
the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments
an' a man can raise a thirst.

—Kipling.

October Eleventh

Good wine I find a great strengthener of the Bachelor heart. —Ike Marvel.

October Twelfth

Of all the actions of a man's life his marriage doth least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people. —Selden.

October Thirteenth

Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. — Job v: 7.

October Fourteenth

A modern rendition of Scott and Pope

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

October Fifteenth

A bachelor should never try the jumps without blinders. —Edward S. Van Zile.

October Sixteenth

We are beguiled by woman, fooled by woman, led on, put off, tantalized by woman, fretted and bullied by her.

— Henry Harland.

October Seventeenth

Man's goings are of the Lord.

—Proverbs xx: 24.

October Eighteenth

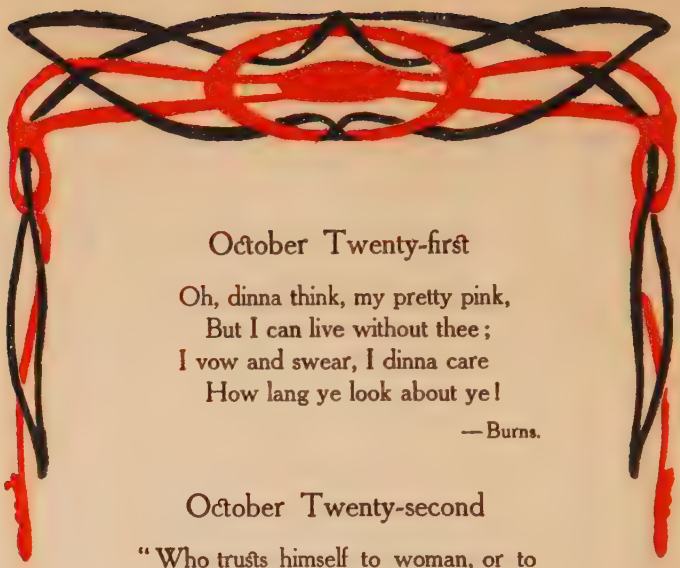
What is a first love worth, except to prepare for a second? —John Hay.

October Nineteenth

What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first. —John Hay.

October Twentieth

A wedding is a licensed subject to joke upon, but there is really no great joke in the matter, after all. —Dickens.



October Twenty-first

Oh, dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee;
I vow and swear, I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye!

—Burns.

October Twenty-second

"Who trusts himself to woman, or to waves,
Should never hazard what he fears to lose."

October Twenty-third

Frailty, thy name is woman!

—Shakespeare.

October Twenty-fourth

To think of all the wrong, and wretchedness, that one foolish baby face can cause!

—Robert Grant.

October Twenty-fifth

What's love? Why, love (for two) at best
Is only a delightful jest. —'Locker.

October Twenty-sixth

Love is merely a madness.

—Shakespeare.

October Twenty-seventh

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing.

—Samuel Daniel.

October Twenty-eighth

I cannot fitlier compare marriage than to a lottery. —Boyle.

October Twenty-ninth

Woman has always managed to make man provide for her; * * * under the pretext of giving him the upper hand, she has left him all the anxiety and responsibility.

— John Davidson.

October Thirtieth

Don't tell me about God having made such creatures to be companions for us! I don't say but He might make Eve to be a companion for Adam in Paradise — there was no cooking to be spoilt there, and no other women to cackle with and make mischief; though you see what mischief she did as soon as she'd an opportunity.

— George Eliot.

October Thirty-first

"MARRIED!" He stopped short, smiled dully, and added in a low, vindictive tone, "It serves him right!" — Dickens.

November First

"Early marriages were misery; imprudent marriages idiotism, and marriage at the best," he was wont to say, with a kindling eye, and a heightened color, "marriage at the best — was the devil."

— Lytton.

November Second

Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove.

— Burns.

November Third

The silly fanaticism of a woman with a mind no broader than a cambric needle.

— Nancy Huston Banks.

November Fourth

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

— Shakespeare.

November Fifth

Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false.

—Byron.

November Sixth

"Jimmie, dey tell me you is a woman hater."

"Naw, I ain't. I despise de so-called fair sex too much even to hate 'em."

—The Examiner.

November Seventh

They that marry ancient people merely to bury them hang themselves in the hope that some one will come and cut them down.

—Thomas Fuller.

November Eighth

Love! Fantastic power! —Prior.

November Ninth

"—righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

Look out!!!! —The Cynic's Calendar.

November Tenth

"—it'll be a werry agonizin' trial to see you married, Sammy, to see you a deluded wictim."

—Dickens.

November Eleventh

There's small choice in rotten apples!

—Shakespeare.

November Twelfth

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

—Byron.

November Thirteenth

Wisely a woman prefers to a lover a man
who neglects her;
This one may love her some day, some day
the lover will not. —John Hay.

November Fourteenth

A bachelor
May thrive by observation on a little,
A single life's no burthen.
—John Ford.

November Fifteenth

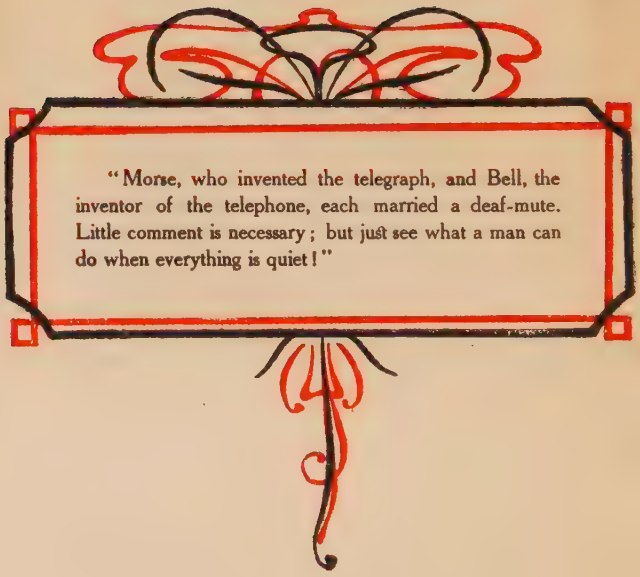
Man proposes and woman sues him for breach of promise. —John Eliot.

November Sixteenth

To remain a woman's ideal, a man must die a bachelor. —Smart Set.

Times are changed with him who marries; there are no more by-path meadows, wherein you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave.

—Stevenson.



"Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, each married a deaf-mute. Little comment is necessary; but just see what a man can do when everything is quiet!"

November Seventeenth

A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

—Kipling.

November Eighteenth

"The bachelor—'Why, I've just reached my prime!'
"She—'What delayed you?'"

November Nineteenth

She has a tongue with a tang.

—Shakespeare.

November Twentieth

O woman,—what distraction was meant mankind when thou wast made a devil!

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

November Twenty-first

My lord, I hope you are pepper-proof.

—Swift.

November Twenty-second

Say, I'm tinkin' women allers does a ting 'cause dey don't wanter; or mebbe dey don't wanter 'cause dey can. Dere curves is too much for a farmer like me.

—Edward Townsend.

November Twenty-third

"Jack wants a quiet wedding."

"Let him have it. It's the last quiet day he'll ever have."

—Examiner.

November Twenty-fourth

Edith—The man I marry must be bold and fearless.

Ethel—Yes, dear, he must.

—Puck.

November Twenty-fifth

Two women placed together make cold weather.

—Shakespeare.

November Twenty-sixth

"She was a woman,—therefore she was jealous."

November Twenty-seventh

Woman

Away, away!—you're all the same,
A flattering, smiling, jilting throng.

—Moore.

November Twenty-eighth

He Knew

St. Peter (to first applicant)—Were you married while on earth?

F. A.—I was; twice.

St. Peter—Walk in—you deserve it. (To second applicant)—And you?

S. A.—Single all my life, your Holiness.

St. Peter—Then you've had your good time. What the devil do you want here? (Slams the door viciously.)

—The Wasp.

November Twenty-ninth

They (the men) know they are only human, after all; they know what gins and pitfalls lie about their feet, and how the shadow of matrimony waits resolute and awful at the cross-roads. They would wish to keep their liberty, but that may not be. God's will be done.

—Stevenson.

November Thirtieth

If there's anything on God's earth troublesome to deal with at the breakfast table or on the witness-stand it's a woman.

Troublesome? Exasperating? *Devilish!*

—Mrs. Burton Harrison.

December First

Pa, what is a harem?

Well, sonny, it's a sort of department fireside.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

December Second

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

—Shakespeare.

December Third

Love — a Highland plaid —
All stuff; and very often full of crosses.

—Praed.

December Fourth

— debt leads man to wed,
And marriage leads to debt.

—Kipling.

December Fifth

Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusts a frail bark to a tempestuous wind.

—Granville.

December Sixth

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

—Byron.

December Seventh

Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretched the line,
Would not hold the lovers true
That would really swing for you.

—Holmes.

December Eighth

Marriage is a step so grave and decisive that it attracts light-headed, variable men by its very awfulness. —R. L. Stevenson.

December Ninth

A certain man made a great supper, and bade many. * * * One said, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."

—St. Luke xiv: 17–20.

December Tenth

"He who marries a wife and he who goes to the war must necessarily take the consequences."

December Eleventh

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

—Colton.

December Twelfth

"Thou dost look the very Priest of Hymen!"

In short, I may be called so, for I deal in repentance and mortification. —Sheridan.

December Thirteenth

Old men love, while young men die.

—Kipling.

December Fourteenth

There is no evil angel but love.

—Shakespeare.

December Fifteenth

Marriage is the point on which we must make a stand.

—Anthony Hope.

December Sixteenth

A ribbon bright or dull, which I can skein
About my fingers, or a flower of spring
Which stales at noon of plucking in the morn,
For they are solid things compared with faith
In woman.

—Lew Wallace.

December Seventeenth

Alas! the love of women! It is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

—Byron.

December Eighteenth

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

—James Beattie.

December Nineteenth

What is a Sage, Papa? A Sage, my son, is a man who never marries.

—Exchange.

December Twentieth

Dick—He married, did he? Well, some fellows don't know when they're well off.

Jack—Well, in this case he knew the girl was well off.

—Puck.

December Twenty-first

"Two things women are supposed to jump at—a mouse, and an offer of marriage."

December Twenty-second

"Ye can hae little rael pleasure in a merrige," explained the grave-digger, in whom, perhaps, the serious side had been abnormally developed, "for ye never ken hoo it will turn out; but there's nae risk in a burial."

—Ian MacLaren.

December Twenty-third

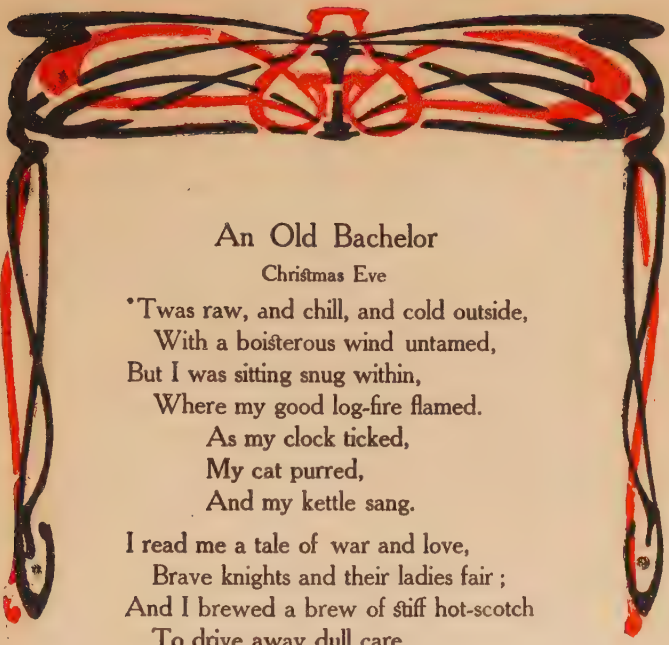
Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.

—Congreve.

December Twenty-fourth

My God! I have fallen in love!

—E. F. Benson.



An Old Bachelor

Christmas Eve

'Twas raw, and chill, and cold outside,
With a boisterous wind untamed,
But I was sitting snug within,
Where my good log-fire flamed.
As my clock ticked,
My cat purred,
And my kettle sang.

I read me a tale of war and love,
Brave knights and their ladies fair;
And I brewed a brew of stiff hot-scotch
To drive away dull care.
As my clock ticked,
My cat purred,
And my kettle sang.

At last the candles sputtered out,
But the embers still were bright,
When I turned my tumbler upside down,
An' bade m'self g'night!
As th' ket'l t-hic-ked,
The clock purred,
And the cat (hic) sang!

—Tudor Jenks.

December Twenty-fifth

Win her with gifts if she respect not words.

December Twenty-sixth

Oh! why did God create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the earth at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?

—Milton.

December Twenty-seventh

Paint that figure's pliant grace,
As she toward me leaned her face,
Half refused and half resigned,
Murmuring, "Art thou still unkind?"
Many a broken promise then
Was new made—to break again.

—Matthew Arnold.

December Twenty-eighth

Trust not a woman, even when she is dead.

—Buckley.

December Twenty-ninth

I may chance have some odd quirks, and remnants of wit broke on me, because I have railed so long against marriage.

— Shakespeare.

December Thirtieth

If you trust a man, let him be a bachelor, let him be a bachelor. — George Eliot.

December Thirty-first

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

— Shakespeare.

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